Scarred

by Haleb heart

Summary: For the first time in a long time, Hanna got to see the real, vulnerable, Caleb Rivers.

Scarred

{Disclaimer: mentions of abuse and self-harm}

"Caleb, you can come out now," Hanna yelled through the house letting Caleb know he could come out of the basement.

"Thanks babe," the brunette boy smiles, walking into the kitchen and going behind her.

"So what are we doing today?" She mumbled as his arms slipped around her waist.

"Hm... Well, you don't want to go out yet, so how about a movie day?" Caleb suggested.

The blonde nodded her head slightly, but leaned against the boys chest and enjoyed the silence with him for a few moments. Ashley Marin had just left for a three-day business meeting, leaving the month-old couple to do whatever they wanted. Caleb had been living in secret in Hanna's basement for about two months now, and was starting to feel more and more comfortable with her each day, which didn't happen very often given his troubled past.

"What first?" She perked, holding up three movies as Caleb sat down on their couch.

He took a minute to look over his options: Camp Rock 2, Hannah Montana, or Kick Ass, "don't you have anything else?"

"I do, but these are my favorites so pick," she smiled.

"Surprise me," the indecisive brunette said.

Hanna laughed a little and put Kick Ass in the DVD player, then sat down next to Caleb. He put his arm around her shoulders, pulling her next to him as close as he could until she was practically sitting on his lap. The couple watched the movie, Hanna sometimes pretended she was a superhero and acted out one of the scenes, making the boy laugh. Am hour or so later, the movie ended, leaving the two in a comfortable silence. Caleb looked at the beautiful blonde in front of him, wrapping both arms around her waist and pulling her into his lap. She giggled and placed her arms around Caleb's neck, playing with his hair. Then, something caught her eye.

"Babe?" She half-whispered, not wanting to break the silence.

"Yeah?" The boy replied, looking at her.

Hanna brought her index finger to the scar he had on his forehead, lightly tracing it, "How did you get this?"

"Oh, um..." He avoided the question, his muscles tensing up, eyes gazing downward.

"Y-you don't have to tell me..." She mumbled, "but you know you can tell me anything. I won't judge you."

"I know princess, it's just not my favorite story to tell... I usually just tell people that I fell off my bike, or ran into something when I was little, but I don't want to lie to you." He took a deep breath, then looked at her again.

She looked at him, her heart melting at the amount of sincerity in his eyes, "Okay."

"When I um, when I was eleven, I was in a pretty bad foster home... It was nothing bad until my foster dad got drunk, but we were all usually in our rooms by then, until this one night. I came home late, and when I walked in, he was yelling at Nathan. Nate just stood there, confused and hurt like any five year old would when being yelled at for something they didn't do. When I saw my foster dad raise his hand to hit him, I lost it. I went in front of Nathan and I promised myself that I wouldn't let our dad touch him, no matter what. So he started beating me instead. I knew that if I fought back it would only be worse, so I didn't...I told Nate to go up to my room and wait for me, and when he did, he knocked over a glass vase and it broke... Our dad got really mad, and picked up one of the shards and started to reach for him, so I got in front of him before he could get to Nathan and well... This happened." He sighed, looking at Hanna who had tightly held his hand through the story.

"Caleb... Why would you... Why would you do that?"

"He was only five Han. He shouldn't have had to go through and remember stuff like that. I didn't want him to."

The blonde brought the pad of he thumb up to his cheek to wipe a single tear that had fallen. She knew foster homes were bad, but she didn't have any idea that Caleb had been through anything like that. No one, especially him, should have to go through that.

"I-is there anything else like that?" Hanna questioned, going back to holding his hand.

"Yeah..." He sighed and gently took her off his lap, then got up.

She watched as he stood in front of her and slowly took his shirt off to reveal more marks.

"Caleb, I..." She slowly shook her head, her ocean-blue eyes clouded with tears as she thought of all the possibilities for each one of his scars.

"Baby, I'm okay," he said, holding her hands and pulling her up next to him.

"Are these all from stories like Nathan's?"

"For the most part, yeah."

"For the most part?" She looked up at him, confused.

"Han...being in so many foster homes put me in a really dark place. I rarely stayed in the same house for more than two weeks. No one wanted me, and sometimes that thought got to me... Sometimes the foster home got to me, or the kids at school."

"Y-you did this to yourself?" She asked, her voice breaking, about to cry.

"Some of them, yes.. But now they're reminders, reminders that I'm still here, and how far I've come since then. I'm not the same person as the boy who did this."

She shook her head, looking straight up at her, "Promise me, promise me that you'll never do that again. And if you do, or you even think about doing it, I'll be the first one you call."

He nodded, "I promise, but I'm okay now."

Hanna hugged the boy as tightly as she could without suffocating him. That was the most he had ever told someone about his life. For the first time in a long time, she got to see the real, vulnerable, Caleb Rivers.

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Another sad one-shot, but I just finished One Tree Hill so the next should be happier (: I hope I didn't make anyone too emotional, and if I did, think about how Caleb is going to rescue Hanna from A in season 7, and my next one-shot which will be so uber happy and fluffy! Hope you all had a great week, thank you for reading (:
-K

End
file.